The Magdalene Meets the Dragon Again

A Tale of Fire, Voice, & Return

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They say she tamed the dragon once in the hills above the salt sea where the earth cracked and hissed, and the wind carried the old fire. She shivered but stood unshaken by what lay before her. She did not raise a sword, she simply stayed. She stayed with the beast.

No one else would face the dragon that haunted the edges of belief, and it bowed to her. They sang of that moment, painted it in glass, wrote of her courage, her purity, her sainthood. But no one told what happened after, because years passed and the crowds moved on. The silence returned and in that silence, the second dragon came.

This one did not thunder from the cliffs, it did not curl in smoke, or crawl at the village gates. No, this dragon was quieter. It crept in through the cracks of her aloneness. It waited by her bed when the world was sleeping. It knew her by name, but more than that. It knew her doubts, it whispered, "Do they love you or do they worship the idea of you? Did he rise for the world or did he just leave you behind? Do you still believe? Do you even know who you are without the story they gave you?"

She tried to pray it away, tried to speak light into it, tried to run; but it followed. The more she ran, the more it grew. One night, she returned to the place where the first dragon had bowed and she sat in the dust. In the stillness, in the ache, she did not call for the angels. She did not ask for a sign but she whispered,

"Show me your face."

And the dragon came. It wore her voice, it wore her hunger, it wore her grief and her rage, and the wild song of her body. It did not breathe fire, it breathed memory. Every wound she'd silenced, every past she had abandoned in the name of being holy, every flame she had dimmed to be safe. It brought them back. She did not cast it out, she did not tame it, she did not kneel. She touched it and did not vanish, but wept because it had only ever wanted to be seen, to be held, to be heard without fear.

And for the first time, Mary did not try to be the saint. She let herself be whole; the wild, the broken, the lionhearted, the unspoken.

Some say that she walks, still. Not as the woman who conquered the dragon, but as the woman who made peace with her own fire. Not pure, but true. Not untouchable, but utterly present.

She became a home for those who feared the dark inside themselves, for herself. And when they ask her what holiness meant now, she smiled and she said,

"It is to stay, to see, and to love the dragon inside yourself, too."